

Printed and Published Weekly by  
HOBART CROSBY.  
TERMS.—The CARROLL FREE PRESS is published every Friday morning at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, payable in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.  
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
One square, (fourteen lines or less), three insertions; every subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Larger space in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

# CARROLL FREE PRESS.

"The Union of the States and the Constitution of the Union."

Vol. 20—Number 6. CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, December 31, 1862. WHOLE NUMBER 1078.

## Poetry

For the Free Press.

Mr. CROSBY:—  
The accompanying verses, thrown together by a very worthy and greatly respected Farmer of Jefferson county, although not intended for publication, I think worthy a place in your paper. If the poetry is not of the highest order, the sentiment commends the verses to the favor of your readers in this age of eulogies.  
Yours, truly,  
Carrollton, Dec. 24, '62. G. F.

**The Railmen are Coming.**  
The Railmen are coming, their flag is in view,  
And science is spreading, bid folly adieu—  
The Genesee Pilot this country did find,  
A new world of matter for a new world of mind.  
Chorus.—The Railmen are coming, hol hol  
Some men have blue devils and some men have  
grey,  
And many fool-notions they put in our way;  
They are very frantic, and look very queer,  
When a Railroad is talked of, they tumble with  
fear.—Chorus. The Railmen, &c.

This new mode of travel you never have seen,  
The fruits of its labors are more than you dream;  
It is this state of chaos, that fills you with fear,  
We have now may tell you what soon will appear.

The Merchant is coming, through valley and  
plain,  
To buy up your cattle, your horses and grain;  
To buy up your timber, your hay and your coal,  
To add to the farmer his increase ten fold.

May genius and science their beauties unfold,  
And labor be found of more value than gold,—  
May the hard-fisted farmer his station retain,  
And find a home-market for cattle and grain.

Hurry for the Anvil, the Plough, and the Loom,  
Like the garden of Eden may the wilderness  
bloom;  
O'er hill-top and mountain, through valley and  
plain.  
Rejoice at abundance in berries and grain.

Our wonderful cities that rise on the strand,  
Exult as it were between ocean and land;  
They live not on air, but the fields and the  
barns,  
Which give wealth to the tiller, and value to  
farms.

Then here's to the Poney that never was beat,  
His diet is wood, his nerves iron and heat,—  
He bounds over space, and reaches the strand,  
Abundantly laden with the fruits of the land.

Arrived at the goal with a triumphant shout,  
Where the buyer and seller together resort,  
They vie with each other to pick and to choose,  
From the gigantic Durham even down to a  
goose.

Old time's moving on with a wonderful stretch;  
Be up and be doing, his forerunner to catch;  
Let the lousier and idler keep clear of the track,  
Or with his calf-catcher he'll hit them a crack.

Divided we fall, but united we stand,  
Well belted together with this iron band;  
Before I part with you I offer one cheer,  
Success to fair science says your old Pioneer.  
\* Columbus.

**From the Steubenville Herald.**  
**WHERE ARE THEY.**  
BY D. F. CABLE.

Where are they? those friends we cherished  
In our days of youthfulness;  
When the heart, o'er hope had perished,  
Was prised alone for truthfulness?  
Hark! the blast so wild and dreary,  
That thro' the tall pine's branches play,  
Echoes back our mournful query:  
Where are they?

Where are they? those scenes familiar?  
Sacred scenes of other years,  
That touch the inmost cords of feeling,  
Melting all our hearts to tears?  
Alas! old time has been busy,  
Writing on them all things earthly  
Pass away!

Where are they? those happy hours  
When our hearts were free from care?  
To the land of dreams and shadows,—  
They have flown in silence there.  
Where are they? those hopes naysian,  
That our youthful hearts have known?  
At the midnight's fleeting vision  
They have flown!

All are gone, and we are going,  
And the day will soon be here  
When the tears will be fast flowing  
From fond eyes above our tier.  
And those scenes which now surround us,  
Soon, how soon! will fade away,  
While strangers will repeat our query:  
Where are they?

The following are the sixteenth and seven-  
teenth rules for young ladies, in the Greenview  
Institute, at Harrodsburg, Ky. They certainly  
have a look of adaptation to the period of pan-  
demonium and incipient puberty:

16. No pupil shall eat state-pencils, chalk,  
soap-stones, fire coal, uric acid, or anything of  
the kind.

17. Pupils must, under all circumstances, de-  
cline the attention of gossips, either directly  
or indirectly, through the medium of agents,  
Jenny or Anne.

### Incident in Mr. Webster's Early Life.

In answer to some fanatical imputations on Mr. Webster's religious principles because of his support of the Compromise measures, a widow lady who resided in the vicinity of Mr. W.'s early home writes thus:

"Mr. Webster an infidel! I cannot believe that. I have known him long, and if it would not savor too much of egotism, I could relate some incidents that would, I think, convince you that, whatever his political views may have been, he certainly was not an infidel."

She was requested to do so, and accordingly wrote the following:

"Mr. Webster and my husband became acquainted in early life, and the friendship of youth extended to riper years. They were truly congenial spirits, and sought each other's society as much as possible. But the cares of business at length separated them, and for many years they seldom met. My husband settled down in this place, and Mr. Webster went forth to battle for the right in the councils of the nation.

"For some time we were greatly prospered. A lucrative business brought us wealth almost beyond our hopes. The children came like a like a sunbeam to light up our happy home with their joyous smiles, and to cheer our happy spirits with their innocent prattle. Those were happy days, and I love to recall them. But, alas! they were soon covered with clouds of darkness, that even the eye of faith could hardly penetrate.

"Some of the firms in which my husband's funds were placed became involved, and our little all was swept from our grasp. When he found that every effort to recover it had plunged him deeper into difficulty, he became disheartened. Soon his health failed, and he was compelled to give up his business entirely. He then sold the shop, and what else we could spare, and with the avails paid every debt except one. This was due to a friend, who chose to wait for his money rather than take from us the cottage where we lived, the only property we could then call our own. But hardly was the arrangement made when the gentleman died, leaving the note in the hands of one who knew not how to show mercy. He demanded immediate payment, and we were about to sell our house when our oldest child was taken down with fever, and soon left us, as we hope, for a better world. The same disease prostrated my husband, and when the physician told me he must die, I felt that my cup of sorrow was full. But, no; I was mistaken. There was yet another drop to be mingled in that cup of bitterness. While my husband yet lingered between life and death, my daughter, the only remaining child, was taken sick also, and after five days' suffering, she too left us to rejoin her brother in the 'spirit land.'"

"Do you ask how I bore this second bereavement? I believe I had no leisure to think of it. All my time, all my attention was given to my husband, who was slowly but surely going down to the grave. I had even forgotten the hard-hearted creditor. But he did not forget. Luxurious as death itself, he came at the time appointed and demanded the money. I think he must have been intoxicated, for I am sure no man in his sober senses could have been so cruel. I told him my husband was dying, but he replied: 'Sorry, sorry to hear it. His won't earn any more money, and as you can't pay up, I'll just take the house. You can live somewhere else, as you'll have no one to look after.' I interrupted his cruel remarks, and, thinking to move his feelings, I led him to the room where lay the cold form of my child.

"Vain hope! I might as well have tried to move an iceberg. After much entreaty I obtained permission to remain in the house while my loved one lived, on condition that I gave up the furniture. This I promised, that I might no more be troubled with his loathsome presence.

"The man left me, and I sank into a chair, utterly overcome at the prospect of the desolation before me. At that moment I heard a rap at the door. I could not rise to obey the summons. I felt that my heart was breaking. But the door slowly opened, and Mr. Webster stood before me. He had come home on a visit, and, without knowing any thing of our sorrow, he rode over to see and embrace his early friend. What was his surprise to find him thus! And when the story of our troubles had been told, when he had assured himself that his long-cherished friend had but a few more hours to live, he sat down and wept.

"Then he asked to see the corpse of his little pet, who, when he last visited us, sat upon his knee and played with his watch. As he rose to leave the bed, my husband said in a whisper: 'Fetch her to me, that I too may look upon that sweet face once more.'

"We placed the beautiful form beside the bed, and standing near it gave ourselves up to uncontrollable grief. When able to command his voice, Mr. W. said: 'Let us pray.' And kneeling there, beside the dying and the dead, he prayed as none but a Christian can pray. Sure I am that a prayer so earnest, so full of faith and hope in the Redeemer, was never poured forth from the lips of an infidel.

"Gladly would he have stopped with us through the night. But business forbade his stay. He left us, and as he grasped for the last time the hand of his dying friend, those pale features were lighted up with a smile of hope, such as they had not worn for many a day. The troubled spirit was at rest, for the assurance had been given that the widow should be provided for her in her affliction.

"My husband died the next day. I saw no more of the hard-hearted creditor, and the house remained unsold. I still occupy it, and the room where Mr. Webster knelt in prayer is to me a sacred place." E. W. A.

"The Vermont liquor law provides that any intoxicated man may be arrested and committed to prison until he is in a condition to tell where he got his liquor; and if he refuses to divulge, is locked up till he relents; This law is to be voted upon by the people and their adverse decision is to operate only for its postponement one year.

"In the late counsel between the Winnebago chiefs and Gov. Ramsey, Big Bear said he did not want to see any more schools among his people because said he, afterwards education makes the young men too lazy to hunt and too much like some of the pale faces to speak the truth, keep sober and behave themselves like honest Winnebagoes. Big Bear is considered one of the best men in his nation.

### Receipts for Curing Meat.

Several correspondents having desired the editor of the Germantown Telegraph to republish his receipt for curing beef and pork, he complies with the request, and not only inserts his own, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, but several others, comprising altogether the very best known. Our agricultural friends, especially those, if there be any, who did not file the paper, should preserve these receipts for future use.

**THE TELEGRAPH RECIPE.**  
To 1 gallon of water,  
Take 1 lb. salt,  
1 lb. sugar,  
1 oz. saltpetre.  
Also it would be better to add 1 oz. of perash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any desirable quantity. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar (which will not be a little) arises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw the pickle into a large tub to cool, pour over the beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks, according to the size of the pieces. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after slaughtering, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, to free it from the blood, &c. This pickle has been tried, without boiling, and proved to be excellent.

**T. E. HAMILTON'S RECIPE.**  
The hams of Maryland and Virginia have long enjoyed a wide celebrity. At last year's exhibition of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, four premiums were awarded for hams. We are informed by those who had the opportunity of examining them, that they were of first rate quality. The one which took the first premium was cured by Mr. T. E. Hamilton, from the following recipe:

To every 100 lbs. of pork take 8 lbs. of G. A. salt, 2 oz. saltpetre, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1 1/2 oz. of potash, and four gallons of water. Mix the above, and pour the brine over the meat after it has lain in the tub for some two days. Let the hams remain six weeks in the brine, and then dry several days before smoking. I have generally had the meat rubbed with fine salt when it is packed down. The meat should be perfectly cool before packing.

**NEW YORK RECIPE.**  
A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator communicates the following recipe, which is regarded as very fine:

Seven lbs. coarse salt, 6 lbs. brown sugar, 2 oz. perash, 4 gallons of water. Boil all together, and scum the pickle when cold. Put it on the meat. Hams to remain in 8 weeks—beef three weeks. The above is for 100 lbs. weight.

It will be perceived that they all differ from ours, more or less, but we believe our proportions are better, while those who may choose to try it, can add half an ounce of potash for each half ounce of saltpetre. We think that the pickle is a decided advantage, which will be shown in the color and purity of the meat.

**FARMING.**—Some people think that farming is an employment of which all men possess a knowledge—that it is as natural for a man to become an agriculturist without having any previous knowledge of farming as it is natural for a river to flow down stream. But in this they are greatly mistaken. Agriculture is a science; and a thorough knowledge of all its branches is indispensable to him who would follow it successfully. The farmer must not only know how to treat the soil and its productions, but he must also have some knowledge of the manner of raising stock. To this end, he must be acquainted with the diseases to which they are subject and which often defy the skill of the most experienced men.

The farmer must be a man of enterprise, industry and economy, too if he expects to make anything more than a bare living. He must be up in the morning with the lark, and ever keeping a steady eye upon his business, and not depend upon Tom, Dick and Harry to do his work for him. The farmer need never lie still for want of business as is the case in many other professions. Thus we see that the farmer, after all, combines more science and economy than we are generally willing to admit.—Union Cultivator.

**CURE FOR CROUP.**—Dr. Fisher, of Boston, relates, in a late number of the Medical Journal, a case in which a severe attack of croup was cured by the application of sponges wrung out of hot water to the throat together with water treatment, which he describes as follows:

"Soon after making the first application of sponges to the throat, I wrapped the child in a woolen blanket, wrung out in warm water, as a substitute for a warm bath, and gave twenty drops of the wine of antimony in a little sweetened water, which she swallowed with difficulty. I persevered in the application of the hot, moist sponges for an hour, when the child was so much relieved that I ventured to leave it.

"These applications were continued through the night, and in the morning the child was well."

It will never do to trifle with this terrible disease. The quicker the remedies are applied the better. Instead of antimony, we would recommend small quantities of sluing water given every ten or fifteen minutes.

"I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more money. He is still dragging on saying that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich.' And it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'That there may be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side of them.' We are but the outside of a rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when he seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and conscience, and above all, for a quiet conscience."—Frank Walton.

A wife who knows how to make shirts, may reader herself very serviceable to her husband.

### Washington and Jackson.

Mr. Bancroft relates the following anecdote of Washington:

"Once, while in New Jersey, coming out to mount his horse, he found a child beside it, attracted by the trappings. He placed the child upon the horse's back and led it round the yard pleased with its youthful joyance. It was to Washington's honor that, although heaven did not bless him with offspring, he had a heart to love children, and take them to his bosom.

The historian Hildreth, relates an anecdote of Gen. Jackson, which exhibits a similar vein of tenderness in the character of a man whom we have been accustomed to regard as stern and unfeeling. Many like stories are told of Napoleon. The battle-field presents, always, scenes which appeal to the tenderest sympathies of our nature.

After the battle of the Great Horse Shoe, in which nearly a thousand Indians were killed, and two hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, all women and children, the men having been exterminated, the following incident occurred:

"The grim General, who presided over this bloody scene, which seems to carry us back to the early Indian wars of New England, had still a tender spot in his heart. Moved by the wail of an Indian infant, picked up from the field, whose mother had perished during the battle, Jackson strove to induce some nursing women among the prisoners to suckle it. 'The mother is dead,' was the cold answer, 'let the child die, too.' The General, himself a childless man, then turned nurse himself. Some brown sugar formed a part of his private stores and with it he caused the child to be fed. He even took it home with him, and reared it in his own family. The Indian orphan thus cared for, grew a bright and thriving boy, and when he came of age, having chosen and learned a trade, he was comfortably established as a saddler, at Nashville."

**LAZY BOYS.**—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who that saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances. The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course we would not deprive children of healthful playfull exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little as a child is taught at school. In this way they acquire habits of industry that will not forsake them when they grow up.

Many persons who are poor, let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. Their is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done no matter how is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief and finally find their way into the prison or the almshouse.

"We heard to day a little incident which though it occurred some time since was a most gratifying proof of the happy results of charity properly bestowed. A gentleman had observed a little girl clad in rags, passing his house with a bottle which she carried to a doggerly to be filled with whiskey, and with which she returned home. One bitter cold morning when the snow was driving through the streets, he saw the child struggling homeward through the storm with the omnipresent bottle, her little bare legs glowing with the effects of cold. He called her into his house, which she entered reluctantly, and his wife clothed the child with warm hose and a comfortable cloak, and warm and happy she went home, still bearing the bottle which contained the sole cause of her own and sister's sorrow. Her father was a man who owed the gentleman a considerable sum. Evening came and the drunken father visited the gentleman's house, but now a sober man; that day the contents of the bottle had been untouched. 'Oh sir,' said he, 'I owe you money.' 'No,' was the reply, 'I cancel the debt; but I trick you must quit drinking.' Tears stood in Pat's eyes as he said, 'Sir, I owed you and you clothed my child, when whiskey made me a brute and I neglected, starved her, I'll never taste a drop again.' And he has not. That simple act of charity and kindness, had touched a cord which a thousand lectures, or words of reprimand would never have reached.—Cleveland Herald.

**TRANSCENDENTALISM DEFINED.**—A correspondent of the New York Times gives an account of his meeting a Yankee philosopher on board the Fall River boat, who thus defined the transcendentalism of these days:

"Yer see, I have two definitions—one vulgar and t'other refined definition in this, and I've gin it afore; Transcendentalism is an attempt to penetrate the Unknown; to measure, and sound, and define that which has neither depth, nor size, nor form; to analyze the soul, and to make its relations to another world a part of the universal chaos which covers everything. The vulgar definition is this: Transcendentalism is an attempt by Philosopher to measure the Almighty in a quart pot!"

The editor of the Massachusetts Plowman says there is a great difference in ox beef. A yellow ox, with long and coarse hair always makes tender beef, while the short haired and brown ox will make tough beef. Also an immense difference in breeds of hogs. The Berkshire breed is noted for making tough and stringy pork, while the Suffolk, and the Middlesex, and the Markey, are known to make pork remarkably tender and sweet.

**FRANK PERL.**—This dashing, slashing, carving writer in the Ohio Branch, known abroad as the "sister of N. P. Willis," who is very much in favor of the "Blomser costume," wears breeches, smokes cigars, promenade the streets in Wellington boots and standing shirt-collar, is the Rev. Tom. Norris! My conscience!

### Singular story.

We find the following in the Portsmouth, Va. Transcript:

A wealthy American merchant, of the city of New Orleans, married a Creole lady of fortune, and with the creases and servants, there came into his possession a mulatto seamstress and her daughter, a child of seven years. The gentleman was so much struck with the extraordinary beauty of the child, which had the purest Italian features and complexion, that he resolved to save it from the life of degradation which was before it, and free it and educate it. He sent it to a Northern school, where she remained until her sixteenth year—by all supposed to be a patrician maiden. She herself knew not to the contrary, so young was she when she went North. Beloved by all her companions, the idol of the institution, and caressed by every one, she left to return South, as she supposed to the "roof of her uncle." A young Louisiana gentleman, who had seen her in Philadelphia, and loved her, and was beloved by her, sought her hand on her return. The marriage day was fixed, and arrived, when the mother, who had been sold away in La Fourche Interior, in order that she might never appear as a witness against her child, appeared in the bridal hall, to the very hour after the ceremony had been performed, and proclaimed the magnificent and now miserable bride as her daughter—a bond slave by birth, and an African by blood! The scene as described by one who was present, surpasses the power of pen to portray. That same night the bridegroom, after charging the adopted father of the bride with gross deception, fled him through the body and disappeared, carrying, no one knew whither, his infamy and his bitter sorrows. The next morning the bride was found a disfigured corpse, in the superb nuptial chamber which had been prepared for her reception. She had taken poison! Education, a cultivated mind and taste, which made her to see and understand how great her degradation, now armed her hand with the ready means of death. The unhappy planter recovered from his wound and moved to the North, where he resides, buried in the deepest seclusion, the residue of his years embittered by the keenest regrets.

**THE GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA.**—The Lockport Journal says that laborers are employed in pushing the Niagara suspension bridge in completion. It says:

"Imagine a span 800 feet in length, forming a straight hollow beam, 20 feet wide and about 18 feet deep, with top, bottom and sides. There will be an upper floor to support the railroad and cars, twenty feet wide between the railings, and suspended by two wire-cables, assisted by stays.

"The lower floor, 19 feet wide and 15 feet high in the clear, is connected to the upper floor by vertical trusses. The cohesion of good iron wire, when properly united into cables or ropes, is found to be from 90,000 to 130,000 lbs. per square inch, according to quality. The limestone used in constructing the towers will bear a pressure of 500 tons upon every square foot. The towers are 50 feet high, 15 feet square at the base, and 8 at the top. When this bridge is covered with a train of cars the whole length it will sustain a pressure of not less than 400 tons. The speed is supposed to be 10 and 12 miles to the pressure, equal to 81 tons. The weight of superstructure added, estimated at 782 tons, makes the total average weight sustained 1,273 tons.

"Assuming 2000 tons as the greatest tension to which the cables can be subjected, it is considered safe to allow five times the regular strength, and providing for a weight of 10,000 tons. For this thirteen thousand miles of wire are required. The number of wires in one cable is three thousand. The diameter of cable about 9 1/2 inches. The bridge, we believe, is the longest between the points of any in the world.

**WHALE HOG BUSINESS.**—The total number of hogs slaughtered at Cincinnati and vicinity this season up to Dec. 14th, is \$55,664, an increase of about \$8,000 to same date last year. The prices have ranged from \$6 to \$7, generally below \$6.50. Some three millions of dollars worth have gone into the pockets of western hog growers who market at Cincinnati.

The tide of emigration to California by the way of the Isthmus, is again on the increase. The steamer Georgia sailed from New York on Monday with 750 passengers, and the new steamer Ecle Sam, on the same day, took 500 passengers. The Prometheus, for San Juan, on Saturday, also had near 500 passengers. The mails by the Georgia numbered 41,593 letters, and the mail matter weighed 9,464 pounds.

Campbor has been discovered to be an antidote to that terrible poison, strychnine. A man who had been thrown into convulsions by two doses of poison, one sixth of a grain each, administered for the rheumatism—was relieved by twenty grains of campbor, taken in six grains of almond mixture. Dr. Suddock, in a letter to the London Lancet, claims to have made the discovery.

**DEATH FROM GRIEF.**—Two maiden ladies, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary Beaufort, aged 77 and 73 respectively, resided at Tavistock all their lives together, doing acts of charity and benevolence. On Monday, Miss Elizabeth, who had been ailing for some time past, died, and her sister was so affected by the circumstance, that she too expired within an hour, although she had been up to that time in the enjoyment of her usual health.—London Ship. Gaz.

There are eight thousand hotels, deflating saloons, and dram shops in New York, and the amount expended in them is amazing, almost exceeding belief. If the daily sales average ten dollars each, which is a very low estimate, the amount will be \$80,000 a day, \$2,400,000 a month, and \$28,800,000 a year. The New Yorkers certainly do "take a little something."

**ICE TRAPS.**—The exposure of ice from Boston for the eleven months of the present year have been \$8,680.

True charity consists in giving people work, not money. The latter makes people dependent—the former independent.

—Brigham Young has married his twenty-fourth wife.

### A Texas correspondent writes: "Some gentlemen were engaged in conversation the other day, when the subject of fighting came up, which, by the way, is a pretty frequent topic here in Texas; and several persons mentioned as being 'some' in a 'rough and tumble' fight, and among others, a man belonging to one of the churches in Iowa was considered to be 'about the toughest customer to handle.'"

"Yes," remarked the person of the very church to which the man belonged, "I believe that brother D—, unrestrained by grace, could whip any man of his inches in the State!" A usual clerical proviso, that!

"I send you," writes a correspondent from St. Louis county, "the following true incident, thinking it may possibly do to go with the 'tough brush that belonged to the host.' It is a positive fact. A 'So-ker,' apparently for the first time out from his native 'grove,' bearing me, just after dinner, at the 'Hardy House,' at Leaside, asking the clerk for a quill, turned to me and said, 'Strenger, did you want a quill for a tooth-pick?' 'Yes,' I replied, it was for that purpose. 'Well,' said he, taking from his pocket what appeared to be a dried sprig of hickory, 'here is a piece of a 'yarb' that grows on the prairie; after you dry it, it goes as hard as hickory, and makes a right smart pick. I have used it this two weeks; you may have it; I know where I can get more.' He evidently thought me 'stuck-up' when I thanked him, and declined his friendly offer."

Some of our New England readers, we have no doubt, will recognize a once distinguished attorney-general of an eastern State, in the subject of the anecdote:

"Mr. B—, a distinguished advocate and attorney-general of a far 'down-east' State, was sitting with his hat over his eyes, and his chin on his breast, bolstered up on either side with chairs and table, and sleeping as comfortably as the 'indomitable spirit of gin' would allow, in the court house at A—, when the Court entered and took his seat on the bench. Observing the situation of Mr. B—, which had not changed on the entrance of 'the Court,' the Judge looked at the sheriff, who seemed to understand that it was his duty to get the sleeper into 'condition.'"

"Mr. B—, the Court is in."

"I won't give the reply. Suffice it to say, the sheriff had a decided objection to going to this murky and sulphurous place to which he was consigned."

"Mr. B—," said the judge, "we have observed, with profound regret, your course during the last week; and this morning we find you in no better condition to take up your case than before. We are disposed to bear with you no longer. You disgrace yourself and your family, 'the Court,' and the profession, by your course of conduct." This reproof elicited the following colloquy:

"Did your honor speak to me?"

"I did, Sir!"

"What re-mark did I make?"

"I said, Sir, that, in my opinion, you disgrace yourself and family; the Court, and the profession, by your course of conduct."

"May it please your honor, I have been an attorney in-in-in this court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your honor, that that is the first correct opinion I ever knew your honor to give!"

Slightly pungent, that.—Knickerbocker.

A locomotive on the Northern Railway, a few days ago, knocking at full speed, struck a man upon the track, gnored him between the rails, and the whole train passed over him. Fortunately it broke no bones; but the man said, when he got up, "It gave him a tremendous jar, and he was afraid he should have the headache."

"Madame de Genlis," says somebody, reproved her librarian for putting books written by male and female authors upon the same shelf. "Never do it," said she, "without placing a prayer-book between them."

"Have you all voted?" said a lady in one of the stores in Cleveland, on Tuesday. "No," was the reply, "has your husband voted?" "Not yet," replied the lady, "he's at home, sick as a dog, but he's got to get up this afternoon and go to the polls if it kills him."

A man who sees a shovel full of dirt bring forth a lilly, should not doubt that a grave full might bring forth an angel.—Ex.

That would depend upon the "seed." It might be a devil.—Mil. News.

John, how's your ma? Oh, she's fat and strong; how's your's? Feels enough; I've got so that I can lick her now, and have every thing my own way. You don't see me going errands, and doing chores about home as I used to.

An honest old lady, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, you troubles never come alone. It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hoopes has gone too, poor man!"

"Your house is on fire," bawled a stranger, rushing into the parlor of a sober citizen.—"Well, sir," was the calm, slow rejoinder, "the what cause am I indebted for the extraordinary interest you seem to take in the affairs of my house?"

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody, but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

A party of stout countrymen were playing a game at croquet in the north of England, when a spectator gravely observed:—The rustic amusement of the croquet playing should be abolished, as it endangers the security of the crown."

Punch says that the heirs of Robinson Crusoe have instituted a suit for the recovery of Juan Fernandez, on the ground that their great ancestor was monarch of all he surveyed.

"Digby, will you have some of this butter?" "Thank you, ma'am, I can't take any thing strong. I belong to the temperance society."

Mrs. Partington says she is glad there is an end to coalition, for her aunt Sarah was afflicted by one on a railroad, and she has always been afraid of them since.

The Boston Post says Barnum is trying to get half a dozen Whigs to put in a case at the Museum, to represent the "Barnum Family."